this shroud lifted of itself, 1 knew my fate was sealed and I should have to leave earthly remains, somewhere there only, some day or other. I had almost prepared myself for the worst and ceased to care much for what fate should bring, when by chance ! happened to meet a European patient in the library room one day and there appeared a faint ray of hope that a happier ending might be in store, "Hallo, Mr. Dutt, how is it that you have not been released, while all your fellow convicts have been?" This was what the European patient asked me. Was that true? 1 thought or was it that the old man was only trying to make fun of me? "Are you sure that they have been released?** I asked him in return. "Yes" he said, "I know for certain." "How did you come to know all that?" I asked him again. To this he said that it was all out in the papers. "Indeed ! could you show rne the paper?" 1 asked, just to make sure. This time the old man hesitated, but said

"I know you are not allowed to read the papers, I am sorry I can't show you the paper itself, but you <^n take it from me that they have been released -on account of the peace celebrations. "If that